

## concupiscence

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by Anonymous

### Summary

George Davidson has a bit of a reputation at the country club for being a spoiled brat.

Dream decides it's his responsibility to humble him.

Too bad George is too tempting to refuse.

### Notes

tennis fic tennis fic tennis fic

gifted to very cool silverknees, thank u for beta'ing, hope u enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Like most college students, Dream needed extra cash. He found a few options, even went to a couple of interviews around his university town, but when he caught the opportunity to work at the

local country club, he jumped at the chance. He'd never worked at a country club before, but if he knew anything about their usual patrons, they were *loaded* .

The job was for a cart-girl--which well, Dream wasn't a girl, but when the interviewer caught a look at him, they decided they could bend the rules. Besides, the club had to cater to everyone, not just the old men who liked to ogle at pretty girls.

The Florida summer was impending. The fact was dramatically apparent as the temperature began to skyrocket in late April. He clocked in that morning with a brisk sweat already accumulating on the back of his neck, promptly dampening the white shirt he was wearing before his shift had even begun.

"Hey, man," He greeted as a hand clapped itself over his shoulder. The cheeky grin of one of his closest friends appeared in view, looking just as bothered by the stark humidity that had disrupted their kind spring morning. "What's up?"

"I've got a favor to ask," Sapnap started, already cutting off Dream's protest before he could begin. "Hear me out, okay?"

That was never a good sentence to hear first thing in the morning. Sapnap asking for a favor was never going to be a good omen in Dream's book, though. He loved the guy, seriously, he was probably the best friend he could have asked for. But when Sapnap asked for a favor, it was a sign that Dream's day was about to go south, fast.

"I've already talked to Puffy, so she's cool with it if you are."

"*Sapnap* . What do you want from me?"

They reached the cart garage, the coolers already stocked for the day, all Dream had to do was drive it out on course and await some thirsty golfers who sought an overpriced drink. That was another reason why Dream began questioning Sapnap's intentions. He was typically inside the restaurant or out by the tennis courts serving the patrons there.

"Can you please, *please* swap with me for the day. I promise I will give you anything you want."

Dream narrowed his eyes at his friend. The brunet stood with his hands clasped together, batting his eyelashes obnoxiously, making Dream even more hesitant to accept his proposal. "Why? You want to drive a cart that bad?"

"Yes! That's exactly why. Look man, I'll seriously owe you one, okay? Anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Well, within *reason*-- "

"Nope, you already said it. Consider it done."

Sapnap rolled his eyes. "Whatever. Thank you, seriously."

Dream shrugged, deciding that he would pressure him about his reasoning when they weren't on the clock. "At least I'm not going to sweat out on course all day. It's yours, dude."

Though once he made it back to the clubhouse and signed in with the bar, he understood exactly why the man was so eager to get the fuck out of there. And *holy shit* , would Sapnap owe him after this if he didn't strangle the man as soon as they got back to their apartment.

The heat and humidity of the uncharacteristic spring day must've gotten to his head because he nearly thought he was hallucinating when he saw a familiar figure enter the room, sitting down in his section.

George Davidson, son of the Davidson Country Club owner, complete with a royal stick up his ass, was the absolute bane of the staff's existence. Really, he was a spoiled brat, constantly bitching to waiters whenever he found it necessary. Sapnap hated the guy, particularly because he came in nearly every single shift and found something wrong with his friend's performance no matter what he did. Dream had only a few encounters with the man. He had only heard the particularly bad stuff from his coworkers. However, it still managed to piss him off.

"Try to be cool, don't lose your job over him," a voice pressed over his shoulder. He had been leaning against the counter, trying to gather the mental strength to head over. Bad, an employee who had been working long before Dream started, stocked a few glasses behind the counter. He was wise, despite only being a few years older than Dream himself.

The blond nodded, grabbed his notebook, and walked toward the pair. The closer he got, the more distinct George's voice became, only managing to grate on his nerves. He wasn't sure if he could dislike anyone more than he did George Davidson.

"Hi," He greeted, pulling a pen out of his pocket. "What can I get you guys to drink?"

The way George regarded him was akin to the way a mouse might interest a cat, with barely veiled disinterest, eager to assert its authority with petty jabs and meager swats. It was as if he was bothered by his presence, as if Dream wasn't doing *him* a service. His glossy lips pulled upward, "Where's your friend? I was looking forward to seeing him."

"We switched today, he wanted the cart," he failed to tell George the reasoning behind their last-minute shift change. "Anyway, what can I get you?"

The moussey brunet that sat across from George piped in to ask for a lemonade. Dream knew that this man was the only motivation for Sapnap to stick out his insufferable encounters with George Davidson. Dream couldn't quite remember his name, but he had a pleasant, amiable smile that did not match the viperous tendencies of his friend.

"I'd like a lemonade, too, *Dream*," George responded, lips growing wider at the sight of Dream's poorly concealed pursed lips. "Oh, and add a bit of cherry to that."

"Of course, I'll get that for you."

Dream rushed away and put the order in for Bad, releasing a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

He had disliked George Davidson for his baited reputation that he had with his friends. He had never done anything to him personally, he had been all kind words and sweet smiles like just a few moments ago. Dream almost wished he was a dick. That would piss him off less than the sickly-sweet nectarine words that fell from a sharp tongue.

Maybe it was the way he said his name, or the way he enunciated his words with that stupid British accent that gave him the air of superiority.

Or perhaps it was the effect that his tennis skirt had on his pale legs, the fact that he *knew* he was containing the attention of everyone in the vicinity, whether they wanted to admit it or not.

Dream was a part of the latter group. He'd never admit that he noticed that small detail.

No, he disliked George Davidson for his haughty contempt, in how he treated his friends and the staff who needed some extra cash. None of them got paid enough to be berated by a prick in knee-high socks.

Whatever it was, he hated it and hoped he would get the hell out of the clubhouse before Dream had to fake his smile for too much longer.

He thanked Bad as he brought the drinks back, wishing there were other patrons to shift the stagnant air, and also so he'd have an excuse to abandon the table as quickly as possible. It seemed that most of the country club's members were either golfing before it got too warm, or chose to come in the later hours when some of the heat had lifted. Either way, it severely hindered Dream's fragile stability.

His attention honed on the way George laughed, a tinkling sort of noise that didn't seem to belong to a man like him. The way he tilted his head while listening to his friend speak, the effort put into acknowledging what he was saying, as if he was actively listening. And as Dream approached, drinks in hand, he noted just how intently George's almond eyes were watching his hands.

With the sudden fixation, Dream became hyper-aware of George's mannerisms, including the way his pink-glossed lips closed around the straw.

"Thank you, Dream," he practically *purred*, shooting foreign heat down his spine, nearly shutting down his nervous system. It shifted into something darker, something *abhorrent* that brewed an urge in Dream to smack the smugness off of the smaller man's face.

"Of course," he bit back, forcing a polite smile onto his lips, glancing at the other brunet for a moment. "Do you guys need anything else?"

"Actually, I was wondering if you could help me down on the court," his voice was melodic, proving to be the bane of Dream's existence.

Dream shifted on his feet, "not sure if you noticed George, but I'm serving today."

The proud man waved a dismissive hand. "I can deal with that," his lips curled into his stupid, pretentious smile. "Don't worry, I'll make it worth your while."

"I'm not a tennis instructor."

"I just need someone to handle my balls," Dream blinked at that, completely caught off guard by the blatant misuse of words. "My tennis balls, Dream, you freak. I need someone to work the machine. Karl is busy with the instructor today."

Dream wanted to decline. He would rather stay inside, out of sight-out of the mind of George Davidson, but he knew he wouldn't get off that easy.

If there was one thing everyone knew about that man, if he wanted something, he'd find any way he could to get it. And apparently today, he wanted Dream's company.

"I require tips."

George rolled his eyes. "I already said I'd make sure you'd be compensated, what were *you* thinking?"

His neck reddened at the insinuation, a stark contrast from his white polo, thinking nothing of what George was insinuating. He clenched his jaw, fighting the urge to tell George where to shove his

request. He knew he could find a way out of it, knew he could risk saying no to the country club princesses, but he actually *liked* this job, he didn't want to risk George going to his daddy and getting him fired.

Whatever, the tips would be a good bonus. Maybe he'd get takeout tonight.

"Fine, you got it."

"Try to sound happier about spending time together, Dreamie," George pouted.

"I'd love to help you with your balls, *Georgie*," he retaliated, letting a bit of well-deserved venom drench his words. He saw the surprise of Dream's condescension ripple over George's face for a split second, before falling back into annoyance. He lightened his tone, chirping back, "let me know when you need me!"

He heard Karl snicker as he retreated, stuttering something unintelligible to the brunet, letting a grimace leak into his face when he made sure no one could see it. Sapnap was going to owe him *so* fucking big.

The day seriously could not get any worse than this.

Dream should have knocked on wood, or at least made an effort not to jinx himself because it sure as hell did get worse.

George forced him out on the courts nearly an hour later, assigning someone who typically worked in the kitchen in his place. Alex, or Quackity as he insisted, had made a face at Dream as he sulked behind the shorter man, laughing with Bad at his predicament.

*You need this job, you need this job, you need this job*, he repeated in his head during their long walk to the courts, struggling to convince himself not to run while he allowed himself into the viper's den.

At the same time, George's mouth was running. He was explaining that his usual partner hadn't shown up, telling him what kind of help he needed and how to do it. Apparently it was a machine that would spit a ball out at Dream's request, so George could work on some stupid technique that the blond couldn't give a shit about. He told him a bit about that, too.

Dream just nodded along, giving him a fake little smile with his fake little benevolence, and settled behind the contraption.

George stood with a hand on his hip, a tennis racket dangling in his left hand. His skirt was short, Dream realized belatedly, even more so than he first realized while he was seated. He pulled his socks up too, over his knees with white shoes that tapped impatiently against jade asphalt. His collared shirt looked less perfect, the buttons open until about mid-chest.

"Dream," he called, discontent biting through the air as it reached the blond's ear. "Any time now."

He blinked. "What?"

"The machine? I'm ready."

Dream blamed his flaming cheeks on the moist atmosphere and not getting caught while admiring George's outfit.

He had never seen George play before. Sure he's seen him walking around with his racket, sometimes in the court with Karl, but he was typically talking or not paying much attention. Consequently, Dream had expected the smaller man to be utter dog shit.

But that wasn't the case. He was actually good, *extremely* good. At least in Dream's untrained eyes. He wasn't sure what George had to work on if he already looked like he should be playing in the US Open.

The way he looked when he was focused stirred something in Dream, something that made him weak to his own morals.

He reached into the basket and grabbed at the air, tearing his eyes away from George's awaiting figure, and found that they had run out.

"Guess that's clean-up, then," George called, approaching from the opposite side of the net.

The closer he got, the more of a hold he seemed to have on Dream's fragile cognizance. After the strenuous work, there was a light sheen of sweat on his skin, flushed with a tint of scarlet. And with his hair pushed back like it was, Dream wanted to run his hands through it, wanted to touch, wanted to *pull*.

He shifted the racket in his small hands with delicate fingers, gripping around the handle that could definitely resemble something else.

"Dream," George sighed, bending at the waist to get into his line of sight, where he had been staring at his hand—completely unaware. *Okay, that's mortifying.* "You're a pretty bad employee."

"Uh, whatever. Aren't we supposed to pick these up?"

"Not us. You. I don't pay you for nothing."

The hypnosis George put him under cracked, shattering his rose-tinted glasses.

He frowned, "you can't pick up a ball?"

"Why should I?" He miffed, growing smug, spotting Dream's obvious annoyance. "Why do that when I have you?"

He reached for an abandoned tennis ball, dropping it in the bucket. "Wouldn't want princess to break a nail, would we?"

George's eyes narrowed. "Don't call me that."

For some reason, Dream seemed inclined to push his luck. "Or what? You gonna tell your daddy on me?"

"Do you know who you're talking to?"

Dream approached slowly, picking up another ball as he did, his lips curling into a smile that meant trouble. "Yeah, I do, and I think someone needs to knock you down a peg."

George shot him a reproachful look, a firm warning. "You're starting to piss me off."

"You irritate the hell out of me, George Davidson," he sneered, taking a short step into the brunet's space. The shorter man seemed shocked at his bold movement, however he didn't take a step

away. Even if he had, Dream would've followed him, would've taken his weakness and ran it into the fucking ground. "You're so fucking arrogant. You think the world revolves around you just because of your daddy and your trust fund. I'm sick of it."

He had to hand it to George for not backing down, for keeping up his cool, calm conviction even with Dream's beryl gaze threatening to smothering him. He popped out a hip, sinking opal into the plushness of vermilion lips, his lashes fluttering with incarnadine intent. "Yeah? And what are you going to do about it?"

Dream bit his tongue, unable to find a response that wouldn't get him thrown out—his brain had finally caught up with actions. He really *did* need this job.

George jumped at his hesitance, a flash of teeth and conceit blurring Dream's vision. "You talk a lot for someone who can't do shit. Maybe I'll talk to *daddy* later, see if he can do something about you, and—isn't your friend's name Nick? Should I do something about him--!"

The blond was moving. It was pure impulse, complete split-second decision that he was really going to fucking regret when he came back to senses. At the moment though, he didn't give two-shits. In fact, if he got fired over this, he would call it the best two weeks notice he could offer.

His hand was pressed against George's throat, his palm completely engulfing the man's slim neck, pulling him forward so roughly their teeth knocked together. It was a clash of spit and tongue, both participants propelling toward the other until Dream was sure his lips would be bruised.

The intensity of the kiss was near painful, but it was so fucking satisfying, given his obvious interest throughout the entire morning. It seemed that George had felt the same way, implied with how impatient he was, hands clutching the fabric of his polo as if he wanted to rip it apart.

Dream tore himself away when they heard a clang of metal accompanied with a distant shout. He wasn't quite sure what it was, but it sounded close and as much as he loved making out with the country club's kid in the middle of a tennis court, he wasn't too keen on making it known by the entire staff. He felt like some sort of treasonous act.

He opened his mouth to say something, unsure of what, but any words got lost in his throat anyway. George's lips were still parted, hands still grasping his shirt like it would ground him. He could feel his knuckles press into the flat of his stomach.

George's eyes fluttered as he finally tore his gaze away, looking toward the origin of another noise that was about to incriminate them.

The brunet gave the other a bit of space, but placed his hand in Dream's and tugged him toward the entrance.

Dream stuttered, his mind a whirlwind of rapid thoughts, near painful whiplash accompanying. "Don't—wait, should we clean this up first?"

The look George placed on him was reprimanding, reminding him of the situation he found himself in. Like George was a lioness waiting to feast on its kill, and he was the prey. The brunet rolled his eyes, as if he was speaking to someone without a sliver of intelligence, "you'd really rather stay here?"

"Alright, pretty boy," he grumbled, shoving the man's shoulder toward the closed gate, seeing a flash of a wild grin as George detached himself from Dream to lead the way.

Dream felt like a dumb teenager when George took his hand to guide him through the hidden

paths, a split second of utter disbelief that he was giggling with George Davidson.

All at once, his consciousness hit him when George slammed the door on the cart garage, the light dissolving.

They both stared at one another for a moment, before a heaving laugh bubbled out of Dream, shocking the man opposite to him. He crossed pale arms. "What?" He ground out, only growing more annoyed when Dream's laugh turned into a wheeze. "What is it, you idiot?"

George swiftly approached Dream, who had yet to pull himself together. He couldn't imagine that his day would conclude like this, hidden away in the golf cart garage, swimming in sexual tension with the country club's kid.

The smaller man's pale hand weaved into the collar of his shirt, yanking him down to his level and swallowing his cackle mid-laugh, effectively shutting him up.

The kiss was just as passionate as it had been the first time their lips connected, making moments feel like an eternity. They devoured one another, terrified that if they disconnected for too long, their consciousnesses would come flooding back and remind them of their precarious position.

Despite being a few inches away from Dream's towering height, George was able to push him around with his brief lack of awareness. His back connected with the wall, nearly knocking over a few miscellaneous tools that almost reminded him of where he was. Fortunately, he couldn't discard his attention from the pretty brunet long enough to process it.

Just like in the clubhouse, and on the court, and pretty much anywhere, the man was enthralling with that short skirt and audacious attitude. Dream should've seen this coming from the moment he walked in this morning, from the second he initially interacted with him, knowing that whatever George wanted, he would get. And Dream would be the one to graciously give it to him.

Manicured nails drifted over his clothed chest, pressing against the firm expanse of his stomach before digging into the waistband of his khakis. George looked up at him with a sensuous gaze, deep russet mingling with Dream's amorous viridescent. George's rose glazed lips quirked upward at the hitch in the blond's hips, the obvious tenting forming from the heated makeout session.

He presumed George wanted to take his time, to assert any dominance he still could, just for the satisfaction of being able to do so. But unfortunately for him, Dream didn't quite have that in mind.

A large hand wrapped around George's wrist, completely encircling the limb, something both of the men acknowledged fleetingly. The warning didn't resonate with the man as he continued further, looping a few fingers underneath the waistband of his pants, nails lightly skimming the sensitive skin of his pelvis. Dream tightened his hand until George attempted to retract it, but found himself caught in Dream's web.

He tilted his head as he stared down at the man, who forced a glare, making another move to shake off the man's grip to no avail. His lips quirked up, only serving to demean the man. "Why don't you get to work, honey?"

Lithe fingers struggled to grip Dream's wrist back, but his hand was much smaller than Dream's, unable to fully form itself around his arm. The sight was exciting to the darkest part of his sexual desires, something he'd never admit aloud, but it was apparent to both of the men that whatever this was, was satisfying their lustful yearning.



“Why don’t you make me?”

His laugh was husky as it resonated in his chest. He saw the way George watched him with vivid intensity, despite how hard he tried to hide it, he watched him for his next move, utterly infatuated. It made Dream feel like he was on a high.

He brought his other hand to the man’s cheek, a light caress brushing soft skin, before drifting down to settle upon his shoulder. “Come on, princess. Don’t you want to be good for me? You wanted this.”

Licentious satisfaction threatened to overwhelm Dream, noticing the visual effect that his words had on George. He supposed it could be the little nickname in particular, or possibly the fact that Dream so easily manhandled him until he was settled on his knees, tarnishing his pretty, sullied skirt. He licked his lips, tasting whatever lip gloss was left that Dream hadn’t already stolen.

He wondered for a moment if the position was uncomfortable from how the man shifted, but was distracted by his wide eyes, how his gaze shifted to his cock, straining against the stiff confines of these stupid pants.

“You like that, George? Being called princess?” He pet his mussed hair, fingers dragging the headband out of his hair. His other hand lifted his chin so his throat was exposed, head angled in a nearly uncomfortable position. “You act so fucking pretentious. It’s only right.”

“Don’t call me that,” he mumbled, fighting for his last straw of defiance as if he wasn’t crumbling beneath a seraphic touch.

Dream brushed his hair back once more, settling the headband so he could see his face. His thumb brushed along his lower lip, his expression morphing into something patronizing of the man below him. “But you love it, don’t you?”

Dream straightened and leaned comfortably against the wall. “Get to it.”

George looked as if he would argue, pretend as if this was the last thing he ever wished to do, but both of them knew it would be a poorly executed attempt at saving his last shreds of dignity. It appeared that the brunet didn’t care much about decorum anymore, as he eagerly undressed him, tenuous fingers making quick work of his pants and boxers until his cock was completely exposed.

The smaller man however had the brief impudence to quirk an eyebrow. “You’re a grower, not a show-er, huh?”

“Maybe if I shove it down your throat, you’ll shut up,” Dream bit back with an idle threat, making no movement to act on it. George didn’t care, he was just as desperate as Dream’s weeping cock proved.

The moment he entered George’s mouth, admittedly it felt like Dream would collapse, experiencing utter empyrean delight. He was talented with his tongue, he briefly acknowledged, as it swirled around the sensitive head, as he expertly licked into the slit and nearly sent his thighs quivering.

Dream gasped, choking on his words, “Oh my, God.”

He should be embarrassed that he had talked so audaciously and yet George was able to make him succumb so quickly from the ambrosial delight of his mouth. Maybe he’d feel an inkling of mortification later, but right now, the overwhelming pleasure was the only thing on his mind.

His fingers combed through the smaller man's hair, opal incisors digging into his lower lip to suppress the moans that threatened to overwhelm him. He was grateful he had a shred of sanity left to keep quiet, considering anyone could walk past at any moment. Anyone could walk *in* at any moment. The thought should scare him, but it only thrilled him more, shooting heat down his spine and straight to his groin.

Dream was close. He couldn't control a thrust of his hips into George's mouth, chasing the pleasure for more, but the brunet pulled off with a choke. If Dream hadn't thought the scene below him could get hotter, iridescent tears had flooded over his lash line, spilling down vermillion cheeks.

The cloudy gaze had sharpened from the sudden brutal assault of his throat, shifting into a sharpened glare. Dream opened his mouth, though still unsure what to say, maybe fumble out a curse to try in an attempt to express his feelings. But instead, George wrapped his fingers around Dream and began furiously jerking him off.

The movement nearly made his knees buckle, sending him searching for something to keep him upright. His grip tightened on George's hair, another on a nearby shelf, struggling to ground himself from the onslaught of the white-hot scorch chafing his skin.

"Fuck, George," he hissed through clenched teeth, tossing his head back. "Princess, I'm— *fuck* — I'm close."

He glanced down, locking eyes with libidinousness as George began mouthing at the head of his cock, maintaining eye contact as he went about his work.

It was enough for Dream. He didn't even have time to warn the man.

He thrust upward and came into George's hand. His head collided with the wall, a loud bang echoing through the shed as he struggled to muffle his moans. Teeth sunk into the skin of his finger to prevent anything from escaping and alerting their location. Tears bit at his eyes as George continued to stroke him through his orgasm.

Dream promptly drug George up from the floor, lifting him off of his feet and pushing him against an abandoned workbench. He felt how hard George was against his stomach, feeling how the man subtly grounded against him in search of friction.

He held George against him as he struggled to wipe away some of the dust, feeling him scoff against his cheek. "What a gentleman."

George didn't let Dream get far once he was seated on the tabletop, hitching his legs around broad hips and tugging him closer.

Dream was eager to repay the favor for George, large hands gliding up the brunet's toned chest, pushing his shirt up to his sternum. He pressed a dainty kiss between his pecs, nearly missing something rather important.

He heard the breath George sucked in, saw the way he gnawed on his cheek as Dream drug a finger down his abdomen and looped around his belly button. "You should show this off more, Princess."

He tugged tightly on the jewelry that was snagged through his belly button, hearing the rush of breath that the brunet had been holding.

He continued his path of kisses, tracing his tongue around the man's nipples, tugging on the skin

with harsh bites, soothing reddened marks. George however, was *loud*. Especially for someone who knew they were in an extremely compromising position at *Dream's* place of work.

"You've got to be quiet, baby," he murmured, kissing the corner of his mouth and swiping his tongue across pink lips. "You wouldn't want anyone to see you like this, would you?"

George's arms looped around Dream's neck, heels kneaded into the back of his thighs. "Maybe I want them to see. Are you going to fucking do something about it?"

George was growing tired of the games. Good thing Dream was, too.

The smaller man lifted his hips and helped Dream remove his skirt, exposing his hard-on that was staining his underwear. It wasn't long before that was gone, too.

Until Dream paused, realizing that their urgency had overlooked a flaw.

"Fuck, George," he opened his mouth to voice his concerns about the no-lube situation, however, George must've read his mind, as he grabbed Dream's hand and encased two of his fingers in a warm mouth.

George moaned around the intrusion, swiping his tongue over his appendages, adequately lathering them with spit. Dream was enraptured in the sight, utterly besotted by the man in front of him.

He slowly removed his fingers, not before licking the tip lightly, reminding Dream that he was aching hard again. He gave him a prurient grin, "I want you to fuck me, Dreamie. Now."

Dream took back his hand and tracked down to his entrance, maneuvering him so he had better access. The moment he traced around the rim, George moaned, louder than he had since Dream started touching him.

He slapped his hand over George's mouth, tilting his head at the man, who almost seemed offended by the action. "You gotta be good for me, Princess, if you want me to fuck you. Can you be quiet for me?"

He didn't wait for a reply before sinking a finger into George's warmth. His request was futile, and it seemed that Dream wouldn't be removing his hand, because even with the obstruction, George still made a fuck-ton of noise.

It didn't matter to Dream though, because, at the moment, the moans subdued in George's throat only spurred him on. Knowing that he was the one making his body react like this was an ego boost, only proving to go straight to his head.

As Dream added a second finger, then a third, the man beneath him showed little resistance. He removed his hand for a moment, stilling his fingers. "Did you finger yourself before this? All worked up on your own fingers?"

"Fuck you," he spat, nearly sobbing already.

Dream grinned, catching one of his translucent tears as he suddenly continued his ministrations. "Tell me, Princess."

His palm placed itself over his mouth once more when Dream found his prostate, the man's back arching as a sob curled through his chest.

"You're so sensitive, baby. You got off by yourself and you still are so eager for my dick."

He punctuated his words with another thrust to his prostate, the sounds like music to his ears, knowing he was the one that made George's venomous persona shatter with just his fingers.

He removed both of his hands, grabbing the hem of his shirt and throwing it haphazardly over an old cart. George was gnawing on his finger, looking so goddamn enticing as he shifted, closing his legs as to not be on display.

Dream found the movement endearing as he spat into his hand, slicking up his cock as he moved back into his initial position.

"George, are you okay?" He murmured, wiping some of the wetness that had accumulated on rosy cheeks. "Do you still want to do this?"

The brunet nodded, "yes, I want it so much. Please, Dream."

A crooked smile appeared on Dream's lips, the man's soft words much different than his typical complacent outbursts.

The head of his cock nudged the man's entrance, feeling his thighs flinch under his palms as he pressed in. As eager as Dream was to fuck him senseless, he took his time, allowing the man to adjust to his size. He could see the slight grimace that graced his features as he moved, surprising both of them by connecting their lips once more, distracting George from the startling intrusion.

He stayed still, fully seated in the brunet, when he finally spoke against swollen lips, "you can move now."

Dream pet a hand through his hair. "You sure?"

George didn't speak, instead shifted his hips jerkily, making them both moan at the sudden movement. The brunet provided a cocky, albeit shaky, smirk before it was completely wiped off his face by Dream's responding thrust.

It took only a few strokes before Dream's hand was back on George's mouth, quieting him, because, at this rate, the entire course was going to hear them. However, right now, if Dream got fired, he couldn't care less. Not when he was fucking the hottest guy he had ever seen.

George felt divine around him, feeling warm and oh so fucking tight, he was nearly worried he would come prematurely at this rate. The smaller man was attempting to move his hips sloppily into Dream's awaiting thrusts. His eyes were squeezed shut, with the prettiest tears flowing down his cheeks, face turning a stunning shade of carmine.

Dream removed his hand, skimming down to the brunet's throat as his hips stuttered. George tightened impossibly around him, murmuring a small word, "Close."

It only took another thrust for the pretty brunet to cum over Dream's hand, painting his tan skin with contrasting strands of ivory. He fucked him through his orgasm, hissing through his teeth as his ass tightened around him. Dream was nearly unable to pull out before his orgasm shuttered through him.

He pumped his cock over the man's heaving stomach, mixing their cum in obscene, shameless strokes until Dream nearly collapsed over him. His head felt fuzzy, his orgasm singeing his nerve endings. He couldn't remember the last time he had come that hard.

"Get off of me, you oaf," George murmured, shakily shoving at Dream's sweaty shoulder.

The blond was quickly thrust back into reality as he stumbled off to search for a napkin or tissue in one of the abandoned carts.

George watched in amusement as he came back, and Dream wiped up the mess they had made on porcelain skin. He retrieved the skirt and helped him into it, George groaning in annoyance as Dream giggled when his shaky legs nearly gave way.

“You’re not bad at that,” the brunet eventually mumbled out, now that the pair had redressed and attempted to catch their breath.

Dream looked at him, his hair in complete disarray, looking sunburnt at the blush that only intensified the longer Dream looked at him. Impulsively, Dream swept a hand through brunet curls, attempting to straighten them but only succeeding in ruffling them further.

“Dream,” George whined, swatting away his hand. “Dream, I—well, do you...”

A smile formed on Dream’s face as he looked on expectantly. “Yeah, Princess?”

“Nevermind,” he tried to rush past the taller man, but to no avail, only succeeding in getting caged.

“No, no, tell me.”

George rolled his eyes. “Do you want to get dinner with me later?”

Of course, Dream *had* disliked the man. But, really, the blond talked a lot of shit for someone who could be brought to his knees so easily by a pretty man in an even prettier skirt. His grin widened to a point where his cheeks nearly hurt.

Maybe that was why neither of them heard the approaching voices.

The garage door creaked open, an onslaught of Florida sun momentarily blinding them, and neither man had time to move before they were caught.

Sapnap and Quackity stopped in their tracks, sat awestruck in the golf cart as they stared at George and Dream in their awfully compromising position.

Quackity was the one who finally broke the silence, head whipping from the pair to a shocked Sapnap. “*I fucking* knew it!”

Sapnap’s expression hardened. “Remember that favor, Dream?”

## End Notes

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